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**Cruise
for
Burgers**
(Do it Today)

The George-Anne

Weather :
Chile today,
Hot Tamale

Vol. XXV

Thursday, February 3, 1952

Collegeboro, Georgia

No. ?



Peter Parker, Cheryl Cremecheez

'Don't Ask How'

"Don't ask us how it happened!" exclaimed Peter "Pucker Up" Parker and Cheryl "Magnet Mouth" Cremecheez after a ten-day ordeal with locked braces. "We were just about ready to move on to some heavier stuff, you know, like soul kissing and French kissing and vacuum drains, things like that, but during our warm-up, Clark Gable open mouthed lead-in, even before we got the ol' tongues slidin', our braces just got hooked up and we couldn't get them undone." Unnoticed by the maintenance men who came by to lock up the student center at 8 p.m., Peter and Cheryl remained in the building all night. Cheryl received three years social probation and a permanent 3 p.m. curfew for not signing in, while Peter was transformed into a eunuch for his part in the escapade. Cheryl is now undergoing psychiatric treatment in an effort to bring her back from the shock caused by the gas torches used to melt the braces (and teeth) down, while Peter is now auditioning for the tenor part in the St. Judas Boys Choir. This

Makes It Big

J. Axelgreese Wormhole, professor of classical studies at GTC, was recently named to the "Bennett Cerf Chair in English Literature," according to Patricia Pronoun, departmental secretary.

all goes to show that heavy petting is dangerous, so watch out.

67's Fete Makes Phones Incomplete

By HARVEY NEFARIOUS
G-A Crime Editor

In what could become a trend-setting stunt across the nation, 67 Deal Hall coeds stuffed themselves into a phone booth on the third floor of the GTC dormitory this morning, thereby reducing Statesboro phone service by one-fourth.

Just moments before, Miss

Wanda K. Loreenally called home on the ill-fated telephone. "I was talking to Mom just before it happened," said a visibly upset Miss Loreenally. "Golly, it was just horrible... all those girls pushing and shoving, and I was caught in the middle. Oh Gawd, all those bodies, I just couldn't stand it," said Miss Loreenally, weeping.

Investigating officer Bruno

Maximus, Campus Security, said "These crazy kids will try anything to get to use a phone, but 67 in a phone booth is just plain stupid, I think."

Officials of the Statesboro phone company estimate that complete phone service will be restored "within a few days, just as soon as we can secure two oatmeal boxes and 50 yards of string." College authorities expressed regret at the loss of the phone booth. One spokesman said, "It was the finest booth east of Arcola; we hated to see it go."

Upon hearing of the incident, Col. Erstwhile Foghorn, head of campus security, slapped a 24 hour guard on GTC's remaining telephone. Foghorn blasted the "bunch of cretin creeps and radical riff-raff" who launched the violent "pre-meditated destruction of a piece of private property."

The GTC administration retaliated against the 67 coeds involved with the destruction by declaring "the bingo game, as well as the Sunday afternoon banana splits, will be off limits to all those who participated in the Deal Hall escapade."

According to Foghorn, details are foggy concerning the cause of the Thursday morning uproar. "We just don't know what happened; the details are foggy. Apparently it was a long distance phone call from Register, but we just don't know."

Miss Loreenally confirmed that, "Yes, it was a call from Register," but broke off mumbling, "but Gawd, all those pushing, shoving bodies... Oh, I... I just couldn't stand it."



DEAN'S 'SHOCKED, DISMAYED'

Coeds Rampage Statesboro

Twenty-three and a half drug crazed coeds rampaged the downtown Statesboro area yesterday protesting what they termed "lack of dorm chlorox machines."

Snelda Thumpgut, spokeswoman for the group, said, "We're protesting the lack of dorm chlorox machines. It's a

pain in the ass, not really, but you catch my meaning," she quipped, "and a cryin' shame that in nineteen hundred and fifty two we should be treated as bobbysock sissies."

"Hubba, Hubba!!" shouted Snelda's compatriots as they brandished marahoohoo cigarettes.

Damage to the downtown area was concentrated on the drug store. The grocery store, the clothes store, and the gas station escaped unscathed.

College officials expressed shock and dismay. Said Dean of Women Gauzey White, "I'm shocked and dismayed."

Just Pined For The Chance Morbid Group Records 'Alma Mater'

ALMA MATER

Down among the murmuring pine trees
Where old nature smiles,
GTC holds up a standard
Known for miles and miles.

Lift the chorus. Speed it onward,
Ne'er her standard fail,
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
GTC, All Hail.

From the blue and broad Atlantic,
Balmy breezes blow,
Wafting far GTC's Spirit
May she ever grow.

By EZRA AMONTILLADO
G-A Culture Editor

GTC has received a unique honor: having its cherished Alma Mater selected to be recorded by the nationally famous Morbid Talleywacker Choir of Salt Lick City, Utah.

The choir, led by Adm. Muckraker Fuller, presented famous college fight songs and their version of the GTC Alma Mater in a Sunday concert as part of GTC's "Vesper, Barbecue, and Watermelon Seed Spitting Services."

GTC President Beauregarde T. Wishbone, who said he had never before met anyone from Utah,

commented, "It's really a great honor to have such a fine group on our campus."

Adm. Fuller said, "We've just pined to get a crack at recording this inspirational piece."

One small snag nearly prevented the Talleywacker choir from lifting its chorus. "The damn murmur from those awful pines is deafening," said Adm. Fuller. "And don't forget those balmy breezes that waft the stench from Savannah all the way to GTC. Incredible."

The pine chorus denied the charges leveled by Adm. Fuller. However, the murmur was too intense to transcribe an exact quotation from the pines.



A GTC Pine



Mack Mayhem's

Roving Reporter

By MACK MAYHEM
G-A Roving Reporter

Recent scientific evidence indicates that the continued use of the waxish-like drug known on the subterranean market as Butch Wax, leads to chromosome damage, addiction, square babies, and sticky hair. What do you think is the solution to the growing "Butch Wax Problem" on the GTC campus?



Frootloop



Muffin



Fountain

EMILY JANE FROOTLOOP, Senior, Library Science Education, Climax, Ga.—"It's really handy. I use it when I try to wax eloquent in my classes, but sometimes I worry about what it does to the hair in the palms of my hands."

FORREST HAULBAC, transfer from ABAC, Sophomore, Industrial Technology Education, Ludowici, Ga.—"Me and the guys used to use it before we went to hang out at the Luncheonette. It's really handy, works great, even better than aardvark earwax."

BUMPTIOUS MUFFIN, Junior, Vocational Rehabilitation Education, Nesmith, S.C.—"Ith thwell. Yeth, ith rrrrealllly handy."

GRAYBILL DANIELS, Junior, Experimental Entomological Research Education, Flowery Branch, Ga.—"Bug off with you and your stupid questions. The use of Butch Wax is an unnatural perversion: however, I will admit it's really handy."

POODLE FOUNTAIN, Freshman, Recreation Education, Cobb Town, Ga.—"When I was recently home, I was approached by an old friend, Marvin R. Moxley, who tried to persuade me to give Butch a try. Boy, was he ever a right. It's handy, I'll say."

MAJOR (BUCKY) WATSON, Junior, Custodial Engineering Education, Union Point, Ga.—"It's hard as hell to wash off my hands. Sometimes I just spread it all over my body and let Lambchop, my pet hyena, lick it off with her forked tongue."



Haulbac



Daniels



Watson

FASHIONABLE NOOK

HubbaHubba: What To Wear

Hubba Hubba! The view for you is the look to book. For the cool, calm, and collected, the festival of fashion presents a bevy of beautiful outfits. Look number one: a crispy clean strike-me-white Elizabeth Taylored blouse tucked into a pair of poo poo pushers pedaling above plush white bobby sox accompanied by saddle oxfords (red soled, natch).

For those long afternoons at the Blue Tide, try a pencil slim straight skirt in a natty tartan plaid accented with a cashmere sweater (three quarter length sleeves). Don't forget to "bangle up" each arm, or for simplicity your Bulova and charming charm bracelet will be peachy.

What to wear to a West Hall bingo party? Take one black taffeta circular skirt (mid-calf length), stir in an ivory jersey blouse (buttons up the back), a dash of rhinestone earrings, fold in one leopard belt six inches wide. Top with open toed mesh pumps and straightened seams and YOIKS. You're guaranteed to mix well. Oh you kid!

But the May Dance. I've concocted something special for that. Every beau at GTC will be in your power as you arrive a la Scarlet O'Hara. Mounds of yellow rayon form the heart-shaped bodice from 485 yards of yellow net umbrella around your wispy waist. The secret is in the hoop skirts and the crinolines. Put your tootsies into rhinestone



Big Date

studded clear plastic pumps. Gloriosky!

But don't forget your kisser. Pamper your baby blues with Mybenzedrine's Mascara in a

tube. Comes right off with Octagon soap and water. Max Fracture's Pancake make-up will hide your secrets. Also good for plastering holes in your wall. After rosing up your cheeks with rouge in a pot, jazz up your lips with Fire and Ice lipstick and nail polish. Don't chew your nails; too much of this can cause serious gastrointestinal disturbances.

Don't worry, Rapunzel, we didn't forget your hair! A Tony home supermanent is a must. Slather your hair with old Wella hair set and pincurl your whole tiny head with Lady Ellen clip-pies. While your hair dries, finish knitting that argyle sock. Take down your hair and look out, June Allyson. The Pixie is also in this year. Gives you a chance to show off your fancy earbobs.

Fragrance of the month: Evening in Polaris. See you on Campooty.



WHAT A MAN
...and WHAT A
MACHINE



CHEVROLET

PUTS YOU ON
CLOUD NINE...

HOT FLASHES

BY:
LAMIE DOWN
SOCIETY EDITOR



The Shakespeare quoting poet, Hara Toler, read "69 Ways to Tell a Be Bop Joke" to his prospective fiancée, Marilu Mills, who had just won an unannounced quantity of folding green from Van Murry by consistently winning at a small game of matching pennies.

The Industrial Arts Club-Home Economics Club held a "Sweater and Bobby Sox" dance last night in the college gym at 8:15. Sweaters and bobby sox for the girls and like attire for the boys was the prescribed dress. During the evening Betty Bazooms was chosen as "Miss Sweater Girl of the Year."

The Junior Class wishes to invite you to a spring hop!

DATE: Saturday (natch)

TIME: 8:30 (at night)

The meaning of the words "spring hop:" hop to your feet, hop into anything that suits your fancy, and skip over to the gym for a swell time. Noise by Gen. Rasmussen and the Gang.

In this modern day when practically everyone is driving an automobile, Fred F. Foresight, professor of ancient philosophy, is riding a bicycle. He said, when asked why on earth he would do such a weird thing, "I have a car, but my wife really needs it worse than I do. Besides, it is good exercise. Cheap transportation is enjoyable."

Maybe some of the rest of us should consider riding a bicycle, It might be cheaper, safer, and we might get our names in the illustrious G-A.

Be patient! Don't give up! They will learn it yet! Who? The combo! What? The Bunny Hop.

Bingo parties in Lewis Hall are becoming "the most" in entertainment for Saturday night. Refreshments and prizes are provided by the Social Committee.

The Science Club announced today that it would sponsor next month some activity other than a dance.

Aunt Aggie's boys—the ones living in Sanford Hall—are giving a sock hop next Saturday night in the gym. All shoes will be surrendered at the door and all dancing will be done in socks. The entire female student body is cordially invited to attend.

Freshman Beware

FRESHMEN! Have you been wearing your rat cap? Have you been honoring your upperclassmen? If not, the day of reckoning is coming. All Freshmen, remember...

DE BOSS.

IKE'S THE PREZ
DICK'S THE VICE
OUR NEW FOAM
IS REALLY NICE!

burma shave...

POETRY COURTESY
T.S. MEKVEN

A F T E R



GUYS!

The wet head is dead! Get into the dating scene again with ACME Butchwax. Our secret formula of aardvark earwax, Ban deodorant, and bellybutton lint is guaranteed to produce results or just send us the unused portion and \$1.50 and we will send you a bottle of our patented ACME Butchwax remover guaranteed to remove the Butchwax or send us the unused portion plus the end flap from the box of Brillo Pads you had to buy to help remove the Butchwax and we will send you our exciting new fall catalogue of wigs to help you cover your head until the hair grows back.

In the before and after pics above, Zeke Q. Wallbanger shows the exciting change in your appearance that can happen with just one application of ACME Butchwax. Zeke's girlfriend, Wanda Handwacker, was heard "Wow! Greasy! Oops, I mean Groovy!" when she saw the exciting change in Zeke.



B E F O R E



TO SELL
'EM, TELL
'EM—
With An Ad

Mephisto's Transplant's A GTC 1st

Wombat, Zippo 'OK' LOBOTOMY'S Next

By KILDARE DRIBBLE
G-A Medical Editor

A medical first occurred recently when Dr. Maury S. Mephisto, GTC College of Experimental Neurosurgery, performed a brain transplant between a GTC student and Zippo, an Albino chimpanzee.

Both patients are currently in "satisfactory" condition at the GTC Medical Center, Collegeboro, Ga.

Elbert P. Wombat, Freshman, Anthropological Education, Frog, Texas, served as one of the subjects for Dr. Mephisto's experiment, which will, according to the GTC professor, "revolutionize the social development between chimps in many of the nation's zoos."

"Imagine," said Dr. Mephisto, "if we have one chimp, with a human brain, who can talk, then he can teach the others. This event is of tremendous importance, for the first time we are on the threshold of the truth. With talking chimps, not only will we eliminate rowdiness amongst animals in public zoos, but we

will be able to ask whether or not man evolved from the ape."

When asked why the Experimental Neurosurgical School didn't use an ape for the experiment, Dr. Mephisto answered, "budget problems. All the money goes to education, not one cent for science. . .but," he added, "chimps are cheap."

Zippo, the light-hearted two-year-old chimp, "took it all rather well," said Miss Frieda J. Mouthwash, head nurse at the Collegeboro Medical Center. "I know it's a brain drain, but maybe he'll make it." "He was a perfect subject," chortled Dr. Mephisto, "Chimps are cheap," repeated the rather tasteless doctor, "and this one works for peanuts."

Prior to the operation, donor Wombat said, "If it's in the name of science, I'll do it." Wombat signed on the line and was carted through the Center to the site of the operation.

Dr. Mephisto was not available for comment after the signature ceremony, as he was running, according to a Center orderly,



Elbert Wombat (C), one-half of GTC's first brain transplant operation, tussles with two attendants in the post-operative room of the Collegeboro Medical Center where only hours before he received the brain of Zippo, a two-year-old albino chimpanzee. Wombat's rampage through the Medical Center lasted nearly an hour before attendants lured him back to his bed by imitating luxuriant banana sounds.

"toward the operating room mumbling something about the cost of peanuts in Bulloch County."

In the Recovery Room after the seven-hour operation, Zippo sat up and said, "I'm never gonna wear that rat cap again, . . . golly gee, I'm hungry, anybody got a hamburger?"

"Wombat was a bit of a problem in the post-operative phase of our experiment," said a disgruntled Dr. Mephisto. "He kept swinging from the radiator

pipes." Wombat indicated he did not want an interview with the G-A. The 18 year-old freshman did indicate, however, a strong preference for bananas and coconut milk.

Concerning future plans for the Medical Center after the successful termination of this operation Dr. Mephisto said, "Next week we will be searching the GTC campus for additional volunteers for our spring series of pre-frontal lobotomy experiments."



ELBERT WOMBAT
"....in the name of science."

Students Relish Dining Poll

Roberta Shelnutt Kitchen, dirtician, announced the results of a recent test held in the dining hall as to student reaction to a relish made here in Statesboro. It is artichoke relish.

Slips were given to 349 students and faculty and 172 answered the query. Voting in favor of the relish were 119; against were 52. Voting that the relish be made available for other meals was 114 to 58.

One student said that his taste buds were completely shot. Another answered that he did like the dessert but didn't like the relish.

Several students said they

wanted catsup left on the tables, morning, noon, and night, and to please go light on butter spread on the toast. Some even said they would like their butter spread on the toast rather than applied with a brush. One girl said that she can't stand the sight or smell of it, while another added, "It's not

fit to smell of!" Two stated that it made no difference to them.

Student polls are evidently to be taken with a grain of salt at GTC. However, since this vote was favorable, quantities of this relish may be purchased for use on our tables.

Who Are These Men ???



Search Continues

The identity of the mysterious figures shown above is the question of the week on the GTC campus. Campus authorities have launched a full-scale investigation, the results of which they hope will lead to the capture of these two persons who last week invaded the office of GTC President Beauregarde Wishbone and forced him to accept donations to the Statesboro institution. One of the sinisters involved with the pecuniary transaction purportedly said to GTC's President, "You'll have to do a lot of this in years to come; we just wanted to give you some practice."

Didn't Win, But . . .

Rooster Hallbeck, G-A Editor, has just returned from representing GTC in the National One Hand Billiard and Finger Painting Contest in What Cheer, Iowa. Although he didn't win, Rooster was selected Most Congenial and Hardest to Please by the other contestants. Rooster hopes the notoriety gained by his participation in this little known sport will aid him in his efforts to get the GTC administration to award him an athletic scholarship for his prowess.

"We're not as popular as quoits or basket weaving," says Rooster, grinning through a multi-colored mouth full of Necco waffers, "but we're gaining popularity in V. A. hospitals and reform schools."



Rooster

The PICK of The PICTURES

Georgia Theatre
Return of the Lash - Starring Lash LaRue.
Sioux City Sue - Gene Autry.
Stars and Stripes Forever - Clifton Webb and Debra Padgett.
Stalag 17 - William Holden and Don Taylor.

Family Drive In
Dreamboat - Ginger Rogers and Clifton Webb.
Fort Apache - John Wayne and Henry Fonda.
Torpedo Alley - Mark Stevens and Dorothy Malone.
The Bigamist - Ida Lupino.

State Theatre
Village Barn Dance - Doris Day, Lulu Bell and Scotty, the Kidoodlers, Vera Baque, and many other radio stars plus cartoon and serial; Last Chapter of Return of Captain Marvel.
Mob Town - Dead End Kids and Little Tough Guys.
Home in Oklahoma - Roy Rogers and Trigger, Gabby Hayes, Dale Evans and Sons of the Pioneers.

ARE YOU TENSE?? GET RELIEF

BUSTER HAEMON NOVELTIES, INC.

The strict rules that have existed in the past for women on campus have been changed to keep in step with our progressive society. These changes were made in order to bring about a better social atmosphere on the campus.

Senior women are permitted two dates a week. These dates must be on-campus and with a proper chaperon (any dates to the swimming pool must be accompanied by suits for the men and party dresses for the women).

Sophomore and freshman women shall refrain from dating except on very special occasions.

Other new rules involving on-campus women are:

Any woman caught in the cafeteria not wearing bobby-socks will be expelled.

Any woman caught within 100 feet of the campus entrance gate will be suspended, unless being pursued by a crazed gopher.

All women shall travel in groups of 25 to insure safety.

No woman shall be permitted to go home for the academic year, unless death occurs in the immediate family or to said woman.

All women shall eat in organized groups of 50 in the cafeteria.

All women shall be garbed in grey muslin.

All women shall forfeit their individuality.

The administration feels that these rules exemplify the spirit of change that has come to our campus. They also feel that these changes should satisfy the complaints of a certain "radical element" in the school.

We agree.

(Established 1927)

"There's a sucker born every minute." P. T. Barnum

Editor	Rooster Hallbeck
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News Editor	Jack Lackey
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Society Editor	Laine Downe
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Tab Ulate, Socket Tumees,
Melting Pots, Ralph Ringworm,
Andy Hardy, Peter Potamus,
Uncle Bunkle, Zippe de Doodah,
and Ludwig, the one-armed bandit.

The GEORGE-ANNE is published occasionally, weather permitting, by the above named parties. Publication appears scattered over the campus first Thursdays after full moons. The opinions expressed herein are strictly those of the faculty advisors and have nothing whatsoever to do with the above named staff, which is included solely as a token to the (snicker) student body. Entered as second rate material at the Collegeboro Post Office.

Subscription: three quarters and a Hershey bar

Dear Folks,

It seems
that the powers
that be want
me to flee,
whee! (always
was good at
rhyming, huh
Rooster?).

Somehow they
turned my name
in after the
DEAN said in-
vestigate the
Commie weird-o
on the G-A.

(Rooster, I don't know what

they meant when
they were talkin'
'bout McCarthy
— honest, the
only McCarthy
I know is Charlie,
you know, Mortimer
Snerd's pal).

Anyway, they've given me crayons with which to finish my last columns.

And the guards
are nice too!

Everyone looks
like a Good
Humor man.

(Honest Rooster,
When they said
"filthy-preverted
pinko-rat-living-
in-the-common-
unwashed-Marxist"
— I thought they
meant you,
gee whiz ...)

Well, it's time
to go... They
have to repad
my room.

Being in the
army's a lot
of fun, which
you were here.

Journalistically
Yours,
Buzzy
Ass. Editor

P.S. Rooster, will you please try and get my column set in type this week. Don't Forget.

There are more than 60,000 tractors on farms in this state at present, say agricultural engineers.



Pablo Fiasco, GTC's new resident artist, ceramics instructor, and night security guard, proudly displays a few of the items produced by his 358 Ceramics class.

Some observers, upon noting the professional touch evident in the works, questioned Fiasco's statement that each individual piece was student-made, but Fiasco claimed that his methods of instruction were so precise that nothing but perfection could result.

Fiasco's future plans include a top secret project, done under the auspices of the American Kennel Association and the John Birch Society, incorporating seven tons of frozen macaroni, three vats of peanut butter, a complete set of Readers' Digest Condensed Books, and a rectal thermometer.

